

CAN THIS BE TRUE!

For Every Heiress Hunter There's a Title Huntress, Says This Baron—and International Marriages Are the Happiest Anyway!



"I know of one girl, recently married to an Italian prince who is said to have brought over a baker's dozen of aristocrats in her wake."

BARON VON DE WITZ, whose vigorous defense of international marriages is printed on this page, is a son of the Grand Chamberlain to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. After several visits to this country Baron de Witz liked it so well that he resigned his Lieutenantcy in the Danish navy, married a docile American girl for love, and came here to live, more or less permanently.

The Baron, therefore, considers he has a right to speak out with emphasis on his belief that international marriages are usually happy ones.

By Baron Von de Witz

If you can produce a scandalmonger with a tale of connubial bliss and get a newspaper to print three agreeable lines mention of it, you are a person quite as extraordinary in your way as the nest-building monkey and entitled to a glass case in the Smithsonian!



"He is not the sort of hum-drum chap that she feels she knows by heart the minute he opens his mouth and shows his face."

"They" take it for granted that the title marries the purse not the woman; never is the purse accused of having married the title, not the man!

It was never yet even hinted that the American girl, who is not in the habit of sticking demurely in her hotel room when abroad, might possibly have something to do with the appearance of the coronetted visitor here, to say nothing of that rapidly recruiting host of American society girls who are being educated abroad, not so much for the learning they may absorb as for the acquaintances they are expected to make within the circle of marriageable aristocrats.

Not a few of these young women attain their majority with a better command of French than of English. Their visiting lists are bristling with titled names, among which the addresses of a male com-patriot is the exception, proving the rule. These girls are to all intents and purposes "internationalized Europeans." Whenever they return to this country they are naturally followed by their titled admirers. I know of one girl, recently married to an Italian prince, who is said to have brought over a baker's dozen of aristocrats in her wake.

I am convinced that American heiresses marry foreigners for love in nine cases out of ten. The glamor of a title may have something to do with attracting an heiress, and arouse in her a sense of justifiable feminine curiosity to see what the owner and wearer of the dignity is like, but rarely does it influence her seriously in making the final choice. It would be charitable, but misleading, to attribute this to some special moral fibre in the American heiress when the fact is that she does not usually know what a title means until she has been the part owner in one for quite some time.

Outside of the title there are potent reasons why the American heiress prefers the foreigner to her countryman. With her unschooled feminine intuition she is quick to see the decisive divergences between the aristocrat and the plutocrat.

The heiress soon discovers in the foreigner a being with whom she can associate in mental as well as material aspects with both pleasure and benefit. His horizon of life is not obscured and limited by the smoke of factory chimneys; he is not hopelessly immersed in the specialization of a trade outside of which his ignorance is only too apparent; he is not the sort of hum-drum chap that she feels she knows by heart the minute he opens his mouth and shows his face. On the contrary, he appears to her in the light of mystery, inciting curiosity, defying exploration. She discovers in him a human whetstone capable of sharpening her wits and mentality.

Though she may have essayed the role of the grande dame with all the dash of the proverbially "stunning" American type, she is usually content at the close of the tilt to take her place with maidenish modesty, as a willing and eager listener rather than remain any longer in the presumptuous attitude of one who has monopolized all the desirable attributes and accomplishments of the world! She feels she is learning something from the foreigner, who appears to her keener of observation and more versatile in accomplishment, and more tolerantly comprehensive in his views of life, than her American man friends, who seem rather starved of intellectuality and provincialized in cultural means of comparison.

It is in the nature of woman to talk to a man as from behind a mask—her modesty, at all events, de-

mands this reserve—but let a man penetrate the mask and the real woman behind it is his, either to like or to love.

Is it any wonder at all that a bright, ambitious American girl, indulged from the cradle in every whim, habituated to a privileged, luxurious and fashionable position, is liable to feel herself more strongly inclined toward a foreigner of culture and title than to an American gentleman, who, no matter what manner of excellent man he may be, doesn't give the flick of a cat's tail for anything that cannot be bought and sold?

Since the eventful year when international match-making may be said to have taken its beginning as a social departure, there have been some six hundred odd titled marriages with American brides, only about 10 per cent of which have gotten themselves on the divorce docket!

Not a few titled American matches have taken a place in the history of society as eminently successful and mutually happy. Perhaps one of the most romantically ideal was that which transformed Miss Elise Hensler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., into the Countess Edia of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha.

Here was an American girl, not an heiress, who was raised to the highest dignity in a foreign country by the disinterested love of a noble, affluent in power and purse—an American girl who might have been Queen of Spain to-day had Don Ferdinand not gallantly refused to give up a life of ideal happiness with her at the Chateau Pena in preference to the glittering responsibilities of a life of state.

Miss Fanny Fithian, of Santa Barbara, Cal., was born and educated in Paris, and is a type of the American heiress who knows French better than English, which she pronounces with a considerable accent. She is not sorry she became the Countess Arthur de

Gabriel. Does any one remember Miss Mattie Mitchell, the beautiful daughter of Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, who took Washington society by storm in her day? She got the title of Duchess de la Rochefoucauld—one of the best in France; he got a sweet American girl, but not a cent from her "dadi!" There's the Princess Serge Belosselsky-Belozirsky. She had the advantage of being born in Boston, a cir-



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cumstance which aided her in pronouncing her present name, which comes a trifle harder, but none the less welcome, than plain Susie Whittier, eh! She lives with her prince, who is a former aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Vladimir, in a splendid chateau on an island near St. Petersburg, and has evinced no appetite for baked beans in preference to caviare and vodka.

Another titled union, which disappointed the gourmandizers of gossip, was that of Miss Elizabeth Hickman Field, of New York, to Prince of Salaparuta Brancaccio, Duke of Lustra and Prince of Triggiano, and, besides, a Spanish grandee of the premier class. Through him Princess "Liz-zie," who always had a clever head on a pair of delightfully attractive shoulders, rose to the dignity of being constituted Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen-Dowager of Italy.

Everybody is familiar with the Gould-Castellane scandal, which occupied thousands of columns in the press over a period of years. But does everybody know that Anna's nuptials with Prince Helle de Sagan are still under the roseate spell of a real devotion; and that this man who was branded by the American press as a rone and a profligate spendthrift is earning a reputation for himself as an exceedingly careful manager and a most attentive and ardent husband?

It would be premature to comment on the nuptials which made Miss Anita Stewart the Duchess of Vizen, the surrender of Miss Mildred Carter to Viscount Acheson, or the Goelet-Roxburgh match.



Here is an Exclusive Photograph of Gaby Deslys in the Very Newest of Her Big Black Paris Hats.

PHOTO BY WHITE N.Y.

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"American Men? Pouf! My Hats"—Says Gaby Deslys

MILE. GABY DESLYS really has a lot to say about American men—much more than she has space for here. Some day soon she is going to give an extended article about American men that will deal with what she says are bitter truths; but she doesn't want to write it until she leaves for Paris. Besides, now she would rather talk about her hats.

Ms. Gaby, who is appearing at the Winter Garden, New York, here amplifies Baron De Witz's remarks a bit.

A MERICAN men are in too much of a hurry to make good lovers and husbands. They fall in love in a big hurry, in what you call a hustle, and, whoof! they fall out again, in a greater hurry.

An American man sees a pretty face, a graceful figure; he falls in love with it. This is to-day. Tomorrow he sees another pretty face, and other graceful figure, and he falls over himself to fall in love with that! He gets on with the new before he is off with the old!

Oh, I know! I have had the experience! The American men come to see me in Paris. They see me dance, they hear me sing, and that is enough! They want to make love before they know the color of my eyes.

They do not know how to pay graceful compliments! Their love-making is crude! They have no finesse!

When the American man falls in love he hurries to show his love in a material way! This is right. Men exist but to shower gifts and love on women!

But love is not always expressed in pearls, in diamonds! A rose, a spray of lilies from a poor man means as much to me as pearls from a king.

As a lover the American man

falls in the little things which mean love to a woman!

As a husband—well, love and marriage are not the same! He is more faithful to his wife than the Continental husband. The Continental husband may be false to his wife, but she never sees him drunk!

The American husband's idea of dissipation is to be faithful, but to get drunk.

But why talk of love and husbands? Just think of my hats! My hats to me are what husbands are to other women!

I make myself beautiful for what? For my hats! If I were not beautiful, if my gowns were not chic, my hats would suffer!

There is my umbrella hat! It is of soft black velvet, so soft that I can bend it and it will not break. It is two yards around the brim. Oh, and the plumes! They are black ostrich plumes, each one a yard long. When I wear it I wear all my pearls and a gown which has made a queen envious!

Then there is my church steeple hat. I wear it in one of my most thrilling scenes! It makes me feel exalted. The hat is really only a tight-fitting cap of jeweled green net. In the front is a tall curved plume. It makes the steeple. It is black. It is two feet high.

My steeple hat makes me happy. In fact, none of my hats has ever caused me any unhappiness. Could I say that of a husband? Of an American husband!

And This Is Gaby in an Exclusive High Plumed Hat and the New Spider Web Cloak.